And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprouedst me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Musing in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stope there tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen me leaue to speake
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iustly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day serue not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence wee had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
who shuns not to breake one will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere conuince,
Thou shewest a subiects shine, I a true prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired hee might know none of his secrets. Now do I see hee had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man bee a villaine, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.
Husht heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Helicanus. Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, further to question me of your Kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speake sufficiently, hee's gone to trauell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will bee satisfied, (why as it were vnlicenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue some light vnto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*,

Hell. Royall *Antioch* (on what cause I know not) tooke some displeasure at him, at least he iudged so: and doubting that hee had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, hee would correct himselfe; so putts himselfe vnto the ship-mans toyle, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well I perceiue I shall not bee hanged now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas must please: hee scapte the Land, to perish at the Sea: Ile present my selfe, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely *Pericles*; but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord hath betooke himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, my message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to vs; yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exunt.*

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